For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me,
And threat me, I shall neuer come to blisse,
Till all these mischiefes be returnd againe,
Euen in their throats that haue committed them.
Come let me see what taske I haue to doe,
You heauie people, circle me about,
That I may turne me to each one of you,
And sweare vnto my soule to right your wrongs,
The vow is made, come Brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I beare.
And *Lauinia* thou shalt be imployd in these Armes,
Beare thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth:
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
Hie to the *Gothes*, and raise an army there,
And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,
Let's kisse and part, for we haue much to doe.

Exeunt.

Lucius. Farwell *Andronicus* my noble Father:
The wofulst man that euer liude in Rome:
Farewell proud Rome till *Lucius* come againe,
He loues his pledges dearer then his life:
Farewell *Lauinia* my noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou to fore hast bene,
But now not *Lucius* nor *Lauinia* liues
But in obliuion and hatefull griefes:
If *Lucius* liue he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturnine* and his Empresse
Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queene.
Now will I to the Gothes and raise a power,
To be reuengd on Rome and *Saturnine*.

Exit Lucius.

Enter

Enter Lucius sonne and Lauini
the boy flies from her w
his arm

Enter Titus and

Puer. Helpe Grandsier helpe,
Followes me euery where I kno
Good Vncle *Marcus* see how sw
Alas sweet Aunt, I know not wh
Marcus. Stand by me *Lucius*,
Titus. She loues thee boy too
Puer. I when my father was in
Marcus What meanes my Ne
Titus. Feare her not *Lucius* so
See *Lucius* see, how much shem
Some whether would she haue t
Ah boy, *Cornelia* neuer with mo
Red to her sonnes then she hath
Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Orat
Canst thou not gesse wherefore
Puer. My Lord I know not I,
Vnlesse some fit or frenzie do p
For I haue heard my Grandsier
Extremitie of griefes would ma
And I haue red that *Hecuba* of T
Ran mad through sorrow, that n
Although my Lord, I know my
Loues me as deare as ere my mo
And would not but in fury frig
Which made me downe to throw
Causles perhaps, but pardon m
And Madam, if my Vncle *Ma*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Titus Andronicus* (STC 22330) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g